

Practical coup

Alex Bukarski

#Anti-anarchist manifesto

Nebojsa Vilic

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3P

Skopje, 2021

Nebojsa Vilić

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Nebojsa Vilić

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Foreword

These days, a new series of experimental texts will follow, written in an allegorical style known as #Antianarchist manifesto. They were written last year and are in a different style than anything I have written so far, although they do not shy away from autofiction. Please, if you find them good or bad, do not self-censor and write your impressions under the texts themselves. When you contact me in private messages to express admiration or criticism, although that is also welcome, it is somehow not the same for me. Thank you.

January 29, 2021

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#Anti-anarchist manifesto

Nebojsa Vilic

#Anti-Anarchist Manifesto

#Anti-anarchist manifesto:

1. Anti-anarchist manifesto

I don't know what I would look for a fourth time in Skopje, after three unsuccessful attempts. I remember when I broke into an apartment in Debreven and started blogging for the first time and realized that words were strangely flowing out of me. I remember walking by the seashell and there was some echo of "Bucharest, Bucharest". I remember that and I was also saying it to Mara Molohova, I'm looking for that inspiration, I remember I poured out about 50 stories like an unstoppable geyser. Since then, it seems like everything about Skopje is slipping away from me and I'm still of the opinion that "I can't do Skopje", although it helped me to understand myself, for example, it drained me so much last time, that I really don't have the will to argue in small talk like before.

That draining of the city, if you think about it for 5 years, brings with it a certainty of illness, death, but illness would be much worse. I think of Isakovski's death and the last two or three months of hanging out with Shakespeare, my bibliophile mother Ljoko, the crazy lawyer. So the little starlet from the Orthodox harem, the lawyer who helps me so much, and non-stop produces processes in

who would represent me, for example, apply for
If the home in Bitola doesn't accept you again, you will
we are suing for discrimination. actually when I was
a total outsider for the first two months, two or three
It was really good for months. Only as a total anarchist
who traveled somewhere without telling his parents
and the authorities do you feel some
apparent freedom. but then slowly slowly
they depict the contours of the city. they remind me of a scene
in Gus Van Sant - when Kurt
Cobain runs away to some fucking forest in some
shack and there he is found by a Yellow Pages agent.
some propaganda slipped through his mind. I think that
It was good until I took the city by storm.
no one thought I would stay in it and
I found a job and a room at the same time. The solitude
was wonderful, although Skopje always made me
It brings back memories from 2010, when in an
apartment in the De-Bar neighborhood I wrote columns
with Macedonian metaphysics that would have been Artan and
Shakespeare who excluded me from a career in
civil society and later I faced
with unprecedented silence, blockade and isolation
by those those twisted nato-dato
structures. Anyway, when I watched the futile attempts
of Bitola's leftist activists as
They run like rats on a spinning wheel.
and it wasn't too difficult for me, I've never
I wanted to destroy my mess, on the phone
Someone call me, give me an agenda and I can do it.
I leave my girlfriend's knee, the conversation.
Only Skopje helped me understand.

actually my uncle who helped, is part hmm come on
let's say from some Christian organization, then it
scared my mother, that it would be
seduced. And if I hadn't been seduced by the two biggest

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parties, so far, I really don't know who and what would he seduced me. I can't be bothered with my mother's paranoia, really. and it's really bizarre why I've been kept in isolation for 8 years.

that I would become something like Tale Magnifico or Zlatko Srebrenkovski. my friend Mantrashevski, otherwise their mentor, and both of them, kept repeating to me, "choose," as if there was what to choose. in the hands of my spiritual

impotent father, and somehow in a vice of ne-

who such a mentor, like Mantrashevski, one 40 a yearbook that lives with his grandmother, collects clippings from his rich archive, prays to God, talks about anarchism in t.m.r.l.k., an obscurantist from Kamen Most Bitola who thinks that

My destiny is to become a racketeering-para-journalistic tycoon. And I would become

everything, except that. and for 8 years I have been held with 100 denars every day, without clothes, I buy clothes from the support from the diaspora, in my qu'mez with scattered books and continuous shouting from my spiritually impotent father and fearful systematically at cafes on Shirok Sokak, from The archbishop of Mantrashev, the tskember, anarchist, and Yugoslav in one, and a lover of animals. whom I have known by chance since 2007, for many years I couldn't escape from this mentor, who became Zlatko Srebrenkovski's mentor, convincing him that civil society would not respect him like the patriots,

while Tale Magnifico convinced him directly to negotiates with Zaev. Under the mentorship of Mantrashevski, the anarchist from Kamen Most cannot was neglected, as was the mentorship of Mara Molohova, who was bored by my visits to her office telling me - choose a side or you'll be like Sido.

And what does it mean to be like Sido? Unmarried and
apolitical.

and so I realized that if I remained apolitical I would
I also remain unmarried, which is a shame especially for
my mother who says it in fits of rage
her Bitola providence - you don't have a family, without a j,
so with some Bitola, I who
no panties, now I have to think about my family, the family
that doesn't think about me and
He keeps me in a dog of Pavlovian reflexes, 8 years, with
a hundred denars with which I can meet the mentor, untried
from Kamen Most, who
He tells me to "grab something and hold on to it" and
I don't know what to do, so Mantrashevski has no problem
with it, and let it not be "Macedonian national interests", but
it is important to
back on stage. and in that torture like
I started to enjoy running in circles and reading books and
enduring torture from my parents.
that I'm incompetent and infantile. and so, they all make
normal conversation with me, and in essence,
Everyone tacitly knows that something deep is wrong.
okay with me, as long as I refuse to make a decision
or I have already praised Macedonian metaphysics once.

Anyway, I'm not writing anything, and my dad is slowly
regulating my internet and
the computer that I break out of carelessness. and at the
same time I am declared the ultimate
Idiot, an infantile person of the highest rank and at the
same time a threat, you will go to Skopje and
You do this and that, and I'll drink Skopje.
two or three beers in La Caña, I'll go to Mara's
Molokhova to tell me that if I remain apolitical I will
automatically walk around without a wife for
hand, so useless. Okay, no problem.

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2. anarchist traps

For a decade and a half I have witnessed that there is one attack, and that is an attack on common sense. and in Kate Molohova, when I was in short sessions, said - your non-belonging is nothing else except "common sense". the anarchists from Karposh claim - "everything he knows, he knows from books, what he makes it easy to manipulate. but, the day before yesterday The anarchist from Karposh gave me a choice, the mentor - "Greek or Serbian national anarchism". I forgot to tell him that I see how on one same. there was one scene, indicative - My girlfriend comes and says let's hang out, Call one of the comrades. I called the more sober member L. the bibliophile. I went to her. I bought my girlfriend a beer, I came back, and he gave it to her. said to the others - here are the anarcho-orthodox they're holding on. my girlfriend wanted to meet shakespeare and all that. i have to go out for a beer, non stop sitting coughing. anyway, I'm totally lost from poverty and panic in the main city. Everything has been mixed up in my head for years. in isolation. I have no landmarks. only

5 I see who respects my workers' rights. That's all that drives me, salary, regular payments, paper. When I see anarcho-rights...

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celebrants, and their tabooing of paper, and
bribery of the intestines and the cock. actually not
By the way, if you read sermons by anarchists, they say there
are two greatest sins - gluttony and chatter. gluttony J.
Lestvichnik.

and so I could see the manipulation of
the anarcho-Orthodox, was more obvious. With
The anarcho-protestants had a payment, with paper, but also
some idea for a podcast of anarcho-holidays for which the
leader of the anarchists from
Karposh, he presented them to me as more reasonable. And I
I asked for a "text" and not to give him the name, the name
for promotion or for a podcast, blog, website, in fact anarcho-
protestants are very committed and
They claim that the name is unimportant, but they always insist
on the name. So, bribery, female meat, alcohol, bribery, ego-
flattery,
are anarchist traps. contract, work,
There is no basis for planning things, it doesn't exist, and that
puts you under incredible pressure, under which you shoot.

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3. anarcho-dilemmas

Today I contacted the mentor from Facebook.
Stone Bridge and again I subtly glimpsed into
his propaganda "that it has never been worse", again
poisoning me with defeatism since
2008 or 2007. death is constantly hanging over
My father, ever since then, we've always been in such a
Scarcity, anxiety, and my head is spinning.
fictions, now the province is dulling my brain,
I'm floating, and I feel like I'm rusting. I'm going to eat.
and my father provokes me and tries to
harassing, what is the difference between the director of
the archipelago that harasses me for coke,
Suddenly my father is a stranger. At home they watch
the interview with Ruskoska, in their passive petty-
bourgeois position, commenting on the lack of justice.
Only I am more exhausted. and
I'm thinking about the negotiations for the museum of
I'm dead, and in the meantime we're doing a podcast
with the lawyer from Frýko, while I'm looking through books in
The bookstore calls me Frcko, my mentor. And I
secretly know that the future I expect, a white-collar
job, has a reality, on a podcast, everything
I hate myself right now. and
Yesterday the Anarchist from Karposh spoke to me about
the advantage of Greek nationalism over

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Serbian nationalism. I remember well when the Karpošan anarchist sat in the basement of Zhelezničarska Street and said - "You live in building from Serbian, and Dunja is also a building from Serbian. "You are all Nazis, and you are sitting in Serbian buildings," the anarchist told me incredibly evilly. Now and My mother hates me and tells me "you should have accepted". What should I accept? I worked in a warehouse for 12,000 hard physical work and in I kept a notebook listing what I was buying to eat, while they refused to send me clothes. I have nothing left but the fat ones. fingers to read Stendhal, with the dotted line brain, with the big appetite, anxiety and the attack of dark thoughts. but, really, no, no I can take a position. to the point of madness.

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4. anarchy

I was listening to the ravings of the national romantic Aco on Alfa and he mentioned this thing called "Macedonian anarchism". For years and years we saw enemies in the group mode and now we can't recognize them lying. It's easiest for us to think everything is lying. How could they

They are manipulating the referendum with the question "are you for EU/NATO" and how did we get to this point? not only with their gullibility and corruption, but with the help of the "uncalculated, crazy national-anarchists". and why only Kata Kulafkova from the strong authorities defends national positions, with arguments, but mostly hidden on social networks. what does that mean we have on the "national side" - Micko Hydro, Bacev the Eurasian in the role of a provocateur with a Russian flag, left, two without three, with apasiev who very actively writes statuses. the whole national line is anarcho-utopian. in distorted public scene, only remnants of eccentric exceptions hang, along with the compromised intellectuals of Grujova

era. and now I have a conversation to say again with my mentor from Kamen Most, and the anarchists from Kamen Most, for whom I am a "democrat, with-

"rosoid", and for the anarchists from Karposh, I am like the underground 103-ashot G. P., an apostate from the progressive scene, an anti-Western element. and I, spontaneously walking around Skopje for 6 months. applying for jobs, as if we were in Sweden,

I chase ads, I go to events, I do a little bit of cinema, a little bit of theatre, and is it not enough for me that I have been provoked on every possible basis - whether I see that only 10 people are protesting.

the flag. and a number of other labels that are so

I'm so sad that I'm lying in bed for another three months.

dark room listening to music and can't

I take it. And inside me lies a dangerous toxic substance of av-

It is a destructive and destructive ideology.

I don't go out, I don't shower, I don't do anything, so...

I overeat, I overdrink either alcohol or caffeine, I can't take a position, I can't

to believe that they are not lying. the apparent peace

at home, for food, or a roof, I pay dearly for them with

lack of sexual intimacy, we live day by day

day, with petty noise about everything and anything, with heavy self-blame and accusations, in suffocation, I cannot measure.

why not

Did I continue to the archipelago? The low tide killed me.

salary and I got bored with the boxes. Why I didn't continue in

the bookstore without a contract, I don't know, the whole time it was psychologically hitting me both ways

the other. in reality you don't have enough pussy

and food, but you need "salary", "salary"

it is not among anarcho-orthodox or if they give it

anarcho-protestants, you will go to jail. no

exit, or we are made to think so. neither

In the end, it doesn't occur to me to actively advocate "pro-

national positions", I've made enough excuses like this, you

don't know what to weigh, whether to

Do you advocate pro-national positions, or do you

be declared insane, or both.

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5. Anarcho-Macedonism

The evil knows no bounds with the servant mentality.
we know that. one night i came home and saw my spiritually
impotent father looking worried. he was lobbying a guy, who
was carrying
hospital. and so I met the leader of Anarcho-Macedonianism,
whose status was taken away
of the president of the Nebregovo Foundation.
performances in a smoky cafe full of
police inspectors and some guy in black
A guy who kept repeating "I don't have a job because I'm
Macedonian" or something like that.
If someone talks to me about schizophrenia, my leader,
bombarded me with a hundred theses at once. The chats to get you
an idea like this - Huntington or Fukuyama? and then used it

the service arsenal - who sniffs, who is abnormal, etc. and by
the way, on a given occasion, he quotes Gane who on a given
occasion said to him - "the
you see the government, it's full of "supreme leaders" and that's 80-
you.

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6. anarchoscopy

I can't get over how unfree Skopje is. I think that at a given time, I had a trajectory, a market, a home for an army, a cinema, the archipelago in the airport. otherwise, really all the customers at the airport were nervous, otherwise I like the airport as a settlement. Once upon a time In one column, Aco Stankovski wrote - don't go to Western Skopje, they will rob you and rip you off. I really liked the term "Western"

Skopje. I have mostly stayed in the western part of the country. Skopje, Debarmalo, Bunjakovec, and really not I've been having a good time. I've been in the good neighborhoods, close to the center, I'm failing. I drank mulberry, wine, I remember, really a lot, just circling circling in the same thing. just that I have the archipelago now, I see the frames. I see many poets/ writers now taking out archived materials after the period

of Gruevism. that is, liberation. whether, Is it true? I think I was around 20.

times during Gruevism Skopje and not I didn't feel any pressure, except that I felt how the warring parties forced each other. how many meaningless years wasted, wasted years. forward and backward. Skopje, Bitola, will

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The barrier must be crossed. To save myself, I will have to be indifferent to others. The anarchist keeps telling me to come to Skopje, but I don't listen anymore. I swear. I think a mountain somewhere and reading and translating would be best, rather than some slogging around the West. But it's good to earn money. Artan used to say, I know you'll give it away for fifty.

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7. in anarchist disgrace, rich girl

I feel like I've been doing well for two months since I arrived. The personality of a petty bourgeois family is dull, and when I call the Skopje anarchist enclave, I only hear joking, laughing, the anarchist from Karposh ended up in the hospital and is now of rehab. but, it just goes to show that after I was disappointed in the girl, those suicidal thoughts, the presence of the anarchists and their accusations - "the girl" suspicions of communism, my uncle called me to pay for 6 months of utilities and I realized that the cell in The railway is connected to an apartment that is rented out as business space and is owned by "Tri" and I had to settle accounts with them. and suddenly it was triple pressure - pressure from mother me, pressure from Antolog, who dosed me with edits and fair sales, part-time, part-time, plus the girl who left me that I'm spoiled, a gossip, and I don't keep my word, and that I didn't take her sacrifice into account. Suddenly, I thought

What kind of self-sacrifice is that to sell books for? 15,000 denars, so be it, or not, so should I? I asked for that self-sacrifice, and I don't understand, if I get a deal, like in the corporate super-

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market, but that monk owns the bookstore
very dark at times, he convinced me that everything was
It is self-regulated as a "socialist enterprise"; the
employees themselves are elected and
submit and decide who will be admitted.
instead of agreement, he said, the word should be kept.
at the mention of agreement, paper, this
an anarchist Orthodox was going completely crazy,
was losing control, breaking off the cliff in the middle
the bookstore counter, it was completely
surreal Orthodox, breaking bread from a bag
and he eats in front of me, and with bites, he says "deal,
uh, not to work, right" and then "you know
Do you think that if you get caught by an inspection, I will pay?
penalty, so you need a contract, come after Monday, the
secretary will print out a contract for you. and
My girlfriend accused me of wanting a guarantee for
everything. That she is my girlfriend, she asks in GTC, no
I'm sure she's my girlfriend, because she's going to
my cell, we fuck and it leaves, and it's gone
for days, so I, as a romantic anarchist,
I'm asking if we're boyfriend and girlfriend or just...
fuck, and she's yelling at me, if you're an anarchist, why are you
I need a convention, and I say, I'm not an anarchist.
under duress, but I'm not even conventional, but
I'm looking for love, I don't want to fuck, I don't feel like it.
fuck, I want romantic love and I'm wearing one
I put the chocolate that "Milka" had reduced by a small amount
a few days before the expiration date, but it was still perishable,
in the top pocket of the cream cheese.
coat and I don't know where it is, and she says I really
want chocolate from you, and you're so lost, don't you
You don't even know where it is, and so we chase each other through the GTC. And I
frameless, fictitious, anarchistic in the temple
at the Sitimoll trade, I sell Protestant bestsellers.

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8. anarchocynism

I heard from the anarchist from Karposh. It's repetitive, that's how it is. For years. His brain is atrophied, liver torn. scold me, why I'm back in Bitola, although yes, it's a bit dull, just should think that health is the only capital. after all, I think about emigration and what is life - whether to

I risk becoming permanently disabled by continuing like this or getting entangled in the same thing, or finally take a step forward. I know that

I won't be an intellectual in emigration, but at least I'll earn some money, because when they suck you up here physically/ intellectually for a minimum wage, you can't help but feel stupid. I don't even feel like having new experiences,

but after that in Skopje, I would try it. how is it something irretrievably lost, wherever I go, whatever I do. I would go to Skopje if I could. he had slowness, but it is impossible plus no I know how to reconcile democratic and national positions. I'm trying to read Stendhal. My brain is like rubber and refuses to accept French. So, nevertheless, the French write about topics that interested me - province capital city, romantic love, mothers and sons-

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you, order Napoleon's treatise, order polemics. and non-ma cynicism among the French, cynicism is an Anglo-Protestant invention. I don't know what anyone will call me, but I find it interesting to read about those historical upheavals, exiles. They exist now too, but now they are farcical, and some things are incredibly similar. It's good that I'm not whining and that I'm writing a little outside of myself and from retelling meaningless relationships. I'm waiting for the mentor from Kamen Most to call. I'm eating sauerkraut, I think Skopje scares me, this country scares me. There are probably traps in emigration. There's time until February. I'm thinking about how broken the anarchist from Karposh is. I'm thinking about if a person gets sick, or if he has to take out documents, how sick he is. At home I had arguments on political issues again. It's good that I don't have money, I would get drunk. Maybe that's why quarantine suits me. I just need a secret opinion like the one I had in Skopje until the fair and the appearance of the rival. It seems to me that something deeply disturbing was the appearance of the former poet lover, which is a turning point. Poets, although this one is very bad, have some destructive energy. Don't deal with anarcho-poets.

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9. anarcho-frankenstein

I'm tired of writing. I sure look like I do.
I write things that are self-evident. It seems
I can't explain some phenomena. Why?
I have gluttony. I have rough hands. When Stefan
Markovski, whose unsuspecting mentor is also a mentor
from Kamen Most, told my girlfriend that
I suffer from schizophrenia, for the first time in a long time.
I heard something disgusting about myself. and
I opened it on the internet and it says schizophrenic-mouth
has a problem with eating and dressing. It is interesting
that the Skopje version of apolitical, apathetic is in the
misunderstood romantic
Professor Sido, that's how I'm perceived.
why in the palanquin we have to resemble some of our
predecessors. In Bitola I am Hristo
Spanacchio, an anarchist from Kamen Most, neighbor of
the mentor. And Trendo was publishing it. and whether that
Why do you think your people aren't rich and influential
enough to release you from the party, and you don't even have one?
your own business, and you have some vague urge to write,
but devoid of form. philology that neither the institute nor I have
provided
for literature in Macedonian language for which no
I exist. For all these subjects I do not exist and
I am left to struggle for what? for slowness. that

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what now the former neo-Orthodox who undoubtedly has the same psychological characteristics,
That's why the officials, I believe, didn't "get along".
Neo-Orthodox naming, splatter
an urge to write, an exhibitionism that
You're pulling your dick out in public with letters and expressions.
that you don't fully understand, "calling" something
that I believe some service dog emphasizes "names, names" to escape from the general and
the specific. and I've been trying all these years to
develop slowness. eat slowly. read slowly, slow down. don't
hike, it's a shame, it's strange
my constitution is. mostly in anxiety,
at home, and self-help, irritated by clothes,
appearance, terrified by the intrusiveness of omnipresent
parents, never go anywhere, sit at home and produce socialist

a microcosm from the 80s in which there are no parties, there is only one, and allows apoliticality. but in
I ran away.. my mentor called me today and for an hour
He harassed me on the phone. Not a day goes by without him.
either the anarchist from Kamen Most called me, or
the anarchist from Karposh asked for the jacket
take it from the Baader Meinhof projection and
He also points out to me that he is standing in front of the law
firm of the wife of everyone's mentor.
mentors. And so, the rats of Bitola consider me an
unclassifiable eccentric, utopian, and schizophrenic,
why?

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10. anarchosynonyms

I watched a movie by "manaki" called "sino-nimi".
Israeli movie. A guy goes into emigration to France
disgusted by militarism.
in his homeland. He is so disgusted by the experiences he had
in the war camps of
training and the whole poisonous atmosphere,
which decides not to speak in the Israeli language.
Hebrew, yes. It's something similar with me. so much
I feel violence after I wrote the first ones.
posted from the dorm computer
2005, after which my computer immediately
they stole it. I think after they stole it from me
the computer is under that fire. after that I think
that I survived various abuses. I listened to a podcast once
about Beckett. so to get rid of
the influence of the Protestant family on him
It took dozens of years, tons of whiskey, and
emigration, because the border is not just physical.
that disgusting feeling that the petty bourgeois
family will be exposed, that it will be
exposed "scene" I run away from it all. that
I don't feel so planned anymore, but I already feel

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has internalized. and all the time I have the impression that they were experimenting with me in the Railways only so that at a given moment

The guy who "will tell them all" came out. Here a guy walking along the waterfront told me people in this culture they live in silence. you keep quiet about something, about some fraud, plagiarism, corruption, long enough and then you're accepted. and When I've been silent for so many years, they don't believe me. There is a long history of mistreatment of writers, I think I read it in Bolaño, What are the difficulties in not finding a job or basic income problem exposed people who can sit down when their mother calls me "to tell them all". Gombrowicz considered de-ka in cultures that do not have a long artistic tradition, writing always merges with a civil profession, professor, journalist and etc., which initially burdens the author's freedom. That's why I don't consider everyone who encourages me to write, to publish. It's just continuation of the agony. and, it cannot be I carry the idea of "destroying" the petty bourgeois family, although the choice is whether to They destroy me or I them, and it's obvious they they are destroying me, not even directly. The aim of the experiment with the Railways was to obtain those decent conditions, on loneliness and some kind of ala Bukovskaya thing, and after every return from the supermarket I had decent hours to sit down and write something. I had pants and sneakers and Sil-Bo sandals, but instead I decided to go to all stupid possible events or just to spartan to cytimol in considering new sneakers or buying one of the 20 t-shirts that I bought. I can't get it out of me.

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that I have harmed the family with
the book is full of vulgarities, abominations from
which started it all, for which they supported me along the way and
They made that clear, but the fact is that since the book, I
have threatened to tell them all and since then they have only
calmed down because I have kept quiet and
At the book fair, everyone applauded me, thanking me
for saying them. as in "synonyms"
I do not write in the language of the system that has
terrorized me and pushed me into the gutter for 15 years.
backwards, depending on the meager pension of
a war veteran from 2001 who is on the verge of death
more than a decade.

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11. anarchosubversions

I just spoke on the phone with the anarchist.
from a soldier who forgot his jacket at headquarters
of the left-wing anarchists in Dunja, after which he
asked me for the number of one of the activists there. in
The jacket has 2000 denars in a special pocket,
as the anarchist showed me. that will be
a test of the orthodoxy of ideology. then
began a debate about Baedermeinhof and opened
discussion about the subversive power of terrorism. I was silent
on that. I don't even want to in these semi-fictional self-
therapeutic writings
I'll pass on those stupid statements. Just once again,
the anarchists from Karposh offered me a job for the
anarcho-protestant capital,
freedom from the petty bourgeois family. but, like this
written, as in the "joker" crumpled notebook diary, I
understand under what long-standing
I am under pressure.

#Anti-anarchist manifesto:

12. anarcho-protestants vs. anarcho-orthodox

"Grab me with your big body, and don't let the mice attack me"
- trembling, my girl.

I often went to visit the anarchists in
Karposh and there from L. the medieval bibliophile
I heard that I was finally cleared of suspicions of being an
anarchist, that after a long time
during debates, they came for my essentially
Protestant worldviews. Protestantism is impersonality, L.
preached. "Look when you enter the city mall, what do you
see? There is no
orientalism like in a Turkish bazaar and conversations with the
seller. only dumb cashiers, laconic questions about a club
card, no
"intimate" continued this wise saying in Taftalice full of
bookcases
from "Gradac" who prepared my new identity coat, so that they
would forget my Macedonian
metaphysical columns, to free me from the suspicion of
membership in the t.m.r.l.k.anarchist and
to present me to the citizens as a half-Protestant - an ascetic
but also a gourmet, loosely dressed, in
clothes in neutral colors, rough, direct, impersonal, without a
solid "I" of his own but Protestant, to-

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somewhere hardworking, not inclined to pleasure, hedonism, self-destruction. L. said, in Orthodoxy it is important "whose you are" while in anarcho-protestantism "what you know how to do", skills, What are your skills? That's why Russia, Serbia and Macedonia, as Orthodox countries, have a problem. with capitalism. but the colorful revolution takes into account and appreciates the fact that it endured long difficult years of isolation, your few columns on Macedonian metaphysics are forgivable, as opposed to a fellow blogger of yours, who led bloody protests in the assembly. Therefore, the anarchist plenum, came to a conclusion - to pay with labor camps in the archipelago, with the Turkish anarcho-capitalists, and then, to enter the social networks where you are good, and to help install a civil-consumer society and democracy. I sat

and I watched and everything seemed surreal to me. again someone repeated "if you want to be in Skopje", freed from a petty bourgeois family. so after that occasion under the supervision of Bayo in the new utopia of The railway building, you will live. near you is the anarchist "Dunja" where you will be well The anarchist comrades are welcome, and you can also watch films at the Cinematheque or wherever you like. But, while I was at the meetings in the stuffy Russian buildings in Taftalidze and listened to the anarcho-Protestant sermons, I didn't know that on The iconoclasts and the Orthodox anarchists are also working on the case. And so I realized that I was in a clinching point between the anarcho-Protestants and the anarcho-Orthodox. The small Orthodoxy still On the first day in the bookstore, he gave me a "speech against a sect" without knowing that he belonged to the greatest of all sects. The fight began, and Although I wouldn't want to portray myself as a victim, there are such elements.

#Anti-anarchist manifesto:

13. anarchists without anarchism

"The most revolutionary act an anarchist can do is to take a random trip somewhere alone, preferably to another country, without notice, without any intermediary."

"Never stand out, you will become a target"

The first time I went to bed in the room in the Zeleznýar building, I thought it was one big smile.

I don't accept this. Really, with these ripped "runners" and black jeans and an old vintage car, in this hole of a room, where it's cold and you can hear the clatter of mouse feet on the ceiling. Well, in those few months that became seven months, and the president of the Zheleznýarski complex gave me recognition - everyone comes here to sit for a month, two, only you sit for seven months. And he continued "Do you have a mother?" and then Bayo continued on the lines of Kate Molohova - "Do you think about getting married if you live in a hole like this?" and so it became time to talk about my wife again. And then it became

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My self-pity and the pity of others became disgusting. My own self-pity and the hopelessness I faced became sad.

I was confronted, that my spiritually impotent Dad keeps coughing and feels like he's dying, and now I should sit in the basement, as the cute girl called it in French.

Camelia who works at "Mantolog". and one

One day I went to buy tomatoes, I really wanted to eat them. tomatoes, from the green market, so as not to annoy the

Karpošan anarchists, I should go to the flea market, yes

I buy regular tomatoes, to grit my teeth,

How many times did I just have to grit my teeth?

Skopje, when I got up early and didn't feel like going to work work, in the "shrine" archipelago, actually

Very quickly all the pluses became minuses.

I discovered strengths in myself that I didn't think I had.

I have, I lived a hectic life, I was wasting away and dying, I feel there seemed to be a very thin line between

that living and the speed of that living. I would literally go climb into the basement and

to shave and the day was almost over. and then one evening

I discovered that something was crawling on me

I put my feet up, stirred the quilt and saw the first

mouse. I told L. that there were mice and

He only said one thing: "fuck you." The first time

when L. and Shakespeare came they said they wouldn't let me rot in a hole like this and they will

find a better place, while my uncle consoled me that there are people who have made careers

and they lived in basements in Gjorce, and I live

in a basement in Bunjakovec. and the first days in

archipelago, they kept asking me where I lived, and I answered in the Railway Building. and

I was fine, the first month or two, the city just didn't accept me. I kept getting up and going.

I was going back to the room and I was tempted to go back.

in Bitola. I didn't know what to buy for breakfast.
I tried to deprive myself of breakfast and then I
It was getting worse. I tried to buy more food.
for breakfast, and I felt like I was spending too much money.
Accustomed to some extreme asceticism,
I was just eating leek pies from "Special" and my colleague in
the archipelago was shouting "Special is expensive"
kitchen" I ate cheese pies at a promotion with
points and I took some Sharplanina yogurt and everything
I consulted with the butcher about important animals.
questions and metaphysics. I realized that if I had
One thing, because I'm afraid of gas, that
I'm clumsy, I'd make myself Turkish coffee in the morning
when I get up, because I have a hard time waking up, and
The awakening was a separate story. In stages, from
6:30, woke me up every ten minutes
the alarm to get to the bus
I see the guy with the bike and the scarf with the colors of
the Macedonian flag. Goddammit, the people of
The cashiers at the airport were almost crazy and the cashier
seemed to have experience from
more places and that the best was among the elite in Debarmal,
while the airports are all aggressive. and every time I went out
I saw
that they are taking advantage of the cashiers, but the cashiers
are also poorly paid, they are not particularly motivated, and
this can be seen in Skopje being one of the
a hellish city where only raw meat is respected
strength, it seemed to me like a dirty merry-go-round
in which people are constantly destroying each other
others. but that doesn't mean it's any different from
Bitola. I hated the archipelago,
what I want to forget, and it was especially hard when they kept
us on overtime, I just know
that there was only some positive
effect, that I got rid of thoughts about Bitola,
I became less concerned about my own opinions, and even more

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less than Zlatko Srebrenkovski's mentor, Dexo's friend,
the obscure anarchist from Kamen Most and the whole
gang that
obsessively fighting against Constantinople
influence. actually, for the first time I didn't have the "b"
the films of the gay anarchist Kovačevski, who
he played them for me. the whole bubble made up of novels,
series, Schneider's "B" movies, hyper-progressive
bullshit, but naked reality. in the sea
banalities, I was horrified by the zeal of the director,
i.e. the supervisor in American, but
the socialist system was still maintained
hierarchy "boss, director" fuck, director in the
archipelago supermarket who was looking after the
every detail in the market should function as
Swiss watch. But no one wanted to listen.
for supermarket experiences, none here
nothing spectacularly ugly nor anything wise-ro, in stacking
boxes, okay, you're a dude, punk,
What are you doing, but don't talk about it, don't look
for any deep meaning. I know that some guy is stuck
on me, that some fan is sending me with
military trousers, whose father was renowned
communist journalist, but he personally felt like a
"national socialist". and so on
The first few days I was stuck with a guy who was
telling me Aryan theories, bravo, the guys in the park
They accused him of being a keyboardist, don't say it,
it's just my paranoia, but this Komitas fan stuck with me.
who really loved me and invited me home to
I tried his mother's sandwiches, but who was
National Socialist. Later I realized it was Al-Kos. Alkos
was him, Alkos was the butcher, Alkos
It was the fruit guy who suggested I compete in some city
bookstores. That
was some combination of bosses from Kapištec and
National Socialists from Lisice,

Stajkovci, Indžikovo, admittedly, not to exaggerate,
They were just ordinary patriots, only the son of a communist
journalist could read some texts and declare himself a National
Socialist, discreetly, to wink at me,

as much as I who shared the fascination of
military pants and that kind of styling, now
a little bit too much for me, but not by a lot...
his national socialism. but, after so much
anarchism, here I came across pure national-socialism, look,
he said with his Johnny bravo
hairstyle and brown hair "how blond I am", like
proof of his orthodox Aryanism. I wanted to say something else.
Can someone else
A word about the cashiers, the sweet cashiers who
They showed flattering messages from Albanian construction
workers and some truly romantic gestures like "I will"

we are fleeing Italy", better that than writing on
Zlatko Srebrenkovski's portal at
What is my ex-love writing now, what is it on?
very satisfied with Kamenmos so united, the anarchist
Kamenostovski, Mantrashevski, who
believes that two nationalists will create
one family, while I and according to him, and
Bayo and Kate Molohova's predictions so far
My mother and the family plan will not work.
I achieve them.

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Alex Bukarski

#Anti-Anarchist Manifesto

#Anti-speech for the #Anti-Manifesto

by Alek Bukarski

It's not uncommon for me to feel guilty.

that I do not have greater knowledge and understanding of:

literary creation, literary genres,

literary theory and/or literary criticism, and (often) I'm not even sure if I read some literary forms well. I don't even know if

this is some literary form, in general. Or

if it is literary, then is it literature? (It is certainly not *belley*
lettres, or –

fiction.) I don't even know if they are essays or confessions, if the characters are fictional or real, if the events are true or

My superiors... My head is a complete mess.

caused by the inability to establish any, any, strong point.

Finally, no

I also know why I am writing this text at all.

I just know that the 13 points of Alex Bukarski's

#AntianarchistManifesto simply "stuck" me to something. I'll try

to determine that something in this free

"stream of consciousness" that come to me immediately after their reading.

Actually, I Alec Bukarski [never
 I didn't pronounce the "s" at the end of his name
 and I don't know why that is.] Almost
 I don't know him. I don't even know if this is him.
 pseudonym or first and last name from a personal nickname.
 I first heard about him when in one of his
 a 2009 article called me a "Taliban" (something
 before that, in 1996, the Taliban shelled and
 destroyed a huge Buddha statue in
 Afghanistan, carved into the rock), the time when
 in an interview I suggested the Memorial House of
 Mother Teresa in Skopje, that of Vangel Boži-novski,
 to be blown up. Then, from time to time
 I would read some of his text on Ok-no at one point,
 only to completely disappear later. First and
 The last time I spoke to him was on
 an event at the Struga *DreamOn*, a few years ago.
 Ideologically I was never able to
 to reach him, and even now I don't know what he is
 inclined towards (now I even understand, I learn
 about his anarchist experiences). I don't remember
 nor that we met at any of the protests that I went to.
 Finally, even from these
 I understood from the texts that he was from Bitola.

Then, if I don't understand much of
 literature, if I don't know what I'm reading and if I
 know (almost) nothing
 for the author, why the hell, with all the work I have,
 I still decided to spend a Sunday morning and,
 without even thinking about it
 I ask the author, I fold this booklet and
 I objectify for further distribution and
 use and, moreover, another afternoon of that
 the same week, to write this Proverb which
 and isn't it a proverb? I don't know. Maybe that's why
 Something about Alek Bukarski has always fascinated me.

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attracted: his audacity; his
"pis" language; his irrationality in criticism and, at the same
time, his passion in criticism or in one word: his "anti-everything"

rebellion for everything!

From those positions, I set out to read these
13 points from his *#Anti-AnarchistManifesto*,
supplemented with a large
affection and sympathy for this character of the Macedonian
mortification and criticism-for-criticism-for-criticism anarcho-
underground. And I came across
an extraordinary read!

The first thing that came to my mind was that in our country,
as much as I follow the literary/
the literary and the mainstream and the alternative
In my literary work (and I'll mention right away that I
don't follow it very much) I haven't come across anything
like this before. On the edge between:
Facebook comment; personal confession; short story;
a hastily written essay; not fully concentrated writing; an
editor's nightmare (or nightmare
for proofreaders) (which does not mean that the texts are
illiterate!); momentary experience; (not false) honesty;
existential stripping
(or stripped-down existentialism)... of which
"splashes": dissatisfaction, disappointment, loss,
alienation, wandering, inability to find oneself... his 13
manifesto "theses" actually outline a present and a here-
ness that crudely, but also truthfully shows not only how
far we have come
have reached, but where we have run away to and what
we have lost ourselves and pretended. Bukarski, who
he really wants to be the Macedonian Bukovsky;
who wants to sound like a Macedonian Gombrowicz,
who is philosophically disappointed like a Macedonian
Pessoa; who wants to write like some

Macedonian Richardson and who with ease
turns into some kind of Macedonian Beckett [add further],
however, for me and in my opinion, he created an incredible
not just a function, but
an image of a subject grown, matured and
decomposed in and by the Macedonian transitional society.

No, this last one does not apply to
all subjects/generations (although it may also be
attributed to them) from this and such a period, but,
above all, to those few who tried
(from the Achilles' heel tendons) to find it,
who found it, sometimes found it, and then quickly changed it,
abandoned it, or lost it –
the meaning of existence in this society and in
this culture, voluntarily or under pressure from
current developments and changes.

Are these "experimental texts, written in an
allegorical style" that "do not
"they flee from the autofictional", as Bukarski
wants to lead us or, perhaps, to be told in advance
justified, in their announcement, for me it is less
important, maybe not important. Yes, they are experimental,
and I have no doubt about that, because
I wrote above how I fail to define them; but I don't know how
allegorical they are, because
It's amazing how convincing his storytelling is, which is often
very unmediated.
reveals the hidden plans behind the scenes; and don't they
escape from the autofictional
I know, because I don't know what autofiction means (an
amalgam of autobiographical and fictional).
or, literally translated, self-centered?).

Therefore, let me not dwell on the literary
achievements or shootings of this de-

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(because that is not my profession), but I would like to emphasize once again that this Manifesto (what is it is not) is, in fact, an Anti-Manifesto (what is it) (maybe that's why this and this #Antipogrom), literary and/or intellectual anti-manifesto for an anti-condition, in an anti-society which produces an anti-culturality that certainly leads to an anti-meaning of one's own existence: because from it one can

read a few cultural notes on one subject and his few (dis)like-minded people about that – how to understand this chaos we live in?

Nebojsa Vilic
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#Anti-Anarchist Manifesto

Alex Bukarski

